

THE PASSING SHOW.

A Peep into the Mysteries of the Blue Room and the Poorly Paid Teachers Doings in the Social World—Notes.

When the Recorder of Deeds, the Hon. J. C. Dancy, with wife and daughter, attended a recent White House function and mingled with the mass of handsomely appointed humanity, wending its way toward the Blue Room to be received, they must have felt keenly the sensation their presence created, yet not the slightest emotion was manifested.

Mrs. Dancy wore a blue silk, and her daughter a pink silk; both costumes were made with high necks and low sleeves, and their hair was dressed with flowers, becomingly modest. Mrs. Dancy has a pleasant demeanor, slightly girlish, with a clear brown skin, rather fine features, bearing the very technique of culture and wit. She is the Recorder's second wife and seems scarcely much older than her step daughter, who is nineteen.

"Oh I would rather you see my husband," she said when approached concerning their presence at the White House.

"But can't you tell me if you were there, and how you happened to go?"

"Oh yes," she replied, when told no embarrassing questions would be asked. "We received invitations and went just as everybody did, and we were very sorry that our presence caused any unfavorable comment. We never thought of there being anything unusual in our attendance, as we understood that colored officials have frequently been to receptions at the White House. Mr. Bruce went when he was Register of the Treasury."

"Is your husband personally acquainted with the President?"

"Oh yes. He needed no introduction. He has known him for twenty years. They first met at a political convention in Chicago, when they occupied seats side by side."

"Did you enjoy the reception?"

"Yes, we thought it very nice, but we were only there for a few minutes. We shook hands with the President, bowed to Mrs. Roosevelt and the ladies of the Cabinet and passed out. If the President invites us, I presume we shall go again."

The family has resided in Washington a little over a year, coming from Wilmington, N. C., where Mr. Dancy was for a number of years Collector at the Port.

When asked if she liked Washington, she said:

"I like living here very much, and have not been homesick for North Carolina. I am only a Southerner by adoption, having been born in Allegheny, Pa., where most of my life was spent."

The daughter of the house is a student at Howard University.

Quite a pleasing incident took place when the Dancys were being received by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. A white satin and point lace dowager; hopelessly addicted to diplomats, mistook Mrs. and Miss Dancy for a new addition to the corps.

"South Americans," she ejaculated, in tone that implied future dinner guests. "I must really know them at once. Tropical women are so dear."

"South Americans nothing," said a man who knew.

"They are fifteenth amendments," and the blow almost killed the dowager.

Urgent necessity pushes further to the front each day the fact that the salaries paid the public school teachers, of Washington, are far below the maximum scale followed by other cosmopolitan cities. Vital, as it might seem, and despite recommendations made from time to time by the Board of Education, there is not the least tendency to take the matter up, and force it to an issue. The educational interests of the District are suffering greatly from such state of affairs, and will hardly improve as long as these conditions are permitted to continue. Good teachers stimulated by flattering offers from the North, resign from the corps to accept better salaried positions elsewhere. No

class of government employees is more poorly paid than they, and hopeless agitation has been thus far the only reward to that end.

England maintains a large standing army of shabbily paid soldiers, while America employs a large army of meagerly paid school teachers. The one stand in a seemingly striking contrast to the other. No plea is more considerate; no demand more just. These crusaders give a life time, then die. No monuments are erected; no eulogies written. Their labors are unheard of. Pay them living wages, and place them on the level with the rest of the world. Pathos and tragedy here go hand in hand. The situation furnishes vivid pen pictures of these self-sacrificing lives, struggling for the future of the Republic and her posterity.

Mr. James Hughes, the veteran attache of the Police Court, who has been sick for a month or so, is out again, and able to attend to his official duties.

The residence of Mrs. Carroll Morgan, 918 Eleventh street, northwest, was the scene of a pleasant association Friday evening of last week, when a club of young ladies from the northwest gave a complimentary dance to a few of their most intimate friends. The first part of the evening was devoted to vocal and instrumental selections. Misses Lena Jackson and Alice Edmonston rendered very pleasing service in the musical line. About 10:30 refreshments were passed around, and it is useless to say that this part of the program was highly enjoyable. After this the dance went on and continued to somewhat a late hour.

Some of those present were: Misses Augusta Middleton, Louise Bradley, Katie Stewart, Florence Bailey, Lena Jackson, Alice Edmonston, Lucy Cuba, Lena Brooks, Grace Solomon, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mrs. Sneed, Middleton; Messrs. Paul Mowbray, Hugh Early, Fenwick, Bush, John Craig, Carroll, Morgan, Wade, Fitzhugh, Richard and Parker Gilliam.

Mrs. C. W. Williams, the wife of Mr. Charles W. Williams, of the Government Printing Office, arrived from the West last Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Williams left the city four months ago, for Hannibal, Mo., to visit her mother, who was then critically ill.

Miss Minnie A. Lucas, a teacher of the Banneker School, is confined to her home, 12 O street, northeast, with a severe case of chronic sore throat.

Friday, February 13th, was a banner day at the Randall School, and the pupils and teachers of that school were given a literary feast that they will not soon forget. Mr. J. F. Bundy, a popular member of the School Board, was the principal speaker, and for nearly half an hour he most charmingly and entertainingly simplified the life of the great Douglass, in whose honor the exercises were held. The attention of the pupils and teachers alike wore a breathless attitude, making the order superb throughout. The speaker finished amid unbroken applause, and became the recipient of a handsome bouquet of flowers, including narcissis and American beauties, from the teachers of the Randall School. The rest of the program consisted of literary and musical numbers, contributed by pupils of the school. There were many visitors present.

MASQUERADERS ATTENTION.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that one of the best stocked houses in the city, with a very large assortment of society paraphernalia, lodge supplies, badges, class pins, college flags, committee badges, flags and banners, can be had of Mr. C. E. Gunlach, at 813 7th street, northwest. He is making a specialty of these goods, and has everything in stock that can be found in the markets of the East. He extends an invitation to the readers of The Colored American to visit his store and to examine his goods. All visitors are welcome.

A HOOSIER ARTIST

A Promising Colored Cartoonist Who is Making his way to the Front

Negroes have made great names for themselves as poets, musicians, philosophers and soldiers. We have thus demonstrated our versatility of our country and the age. We are not wanting in artists and are justly proud of the eminent place occupied by Henry O. Tanner, an American Negro, in the exclusive salons of the old world. His career has been an inspiration to many other aspiring youths of the race.

One of our most promising young men is Mr. Garfield F. Haywood, of Indianapolis, Indiana, who has already made an enviable record in the artistic world. With but little, if any instruction, but with a native gift to be recognized. In his earlier years his bent seemed to be drawing and his marvelous fidelity to nature soon attracted wide attention. He was born in Greencastle, Indiana, in 1880, but soon found the necessity for a wider



MR. GARFIELD F. HAYWOOD.

field, and coming to Indianapolis found not only remunerative employment in humbler walks of life, but opportunity to develop his remarkable talent. There his wonderful felicity as a cartoonist brought him prominently before the people. The Recorder and The Freeman of his adopted city has availed itself of his services on several occasions. Mr. Haywood is still a young man, his talent is unmistakable and he may be regarded as the coming artist of his race. Every such achievement puts to confusion the arguments of our enemies that the race must be like dumb driven animals.

It is an interesting fact in this connection that the first illustrated race journal published in this country was established by Mr. E. E. Cooper, now of The Colored American, in the city of Indianapolis, Indiana. It was the Indianapolis Freeman, and the greatest living Negro cartoonist, Mr. Moses L. Tucker, of Georgia, won fame for himself on that paper. Mr. Tucker eventually succumbed to overwork, and in now confined in the Insane Asylum at Julietta, Indiana. He was succeeded by Mr. J. H. Lewis, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, also a superior artist. Mr. Lewis has been dead a number of years. Mr. Haywood drew much of his inspiration and knowledge of technique from these two masters of the art, under both of whom he served for some time.

The estimate placed upon a cause by Theodore Roosevelt, Grover Cleveland, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and William H. Baldwin, can be relied upon as safely as that set forth by the Trotters, Ferrises, and Forbeses.

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